

THE DAILY MIRROR, Thursday, January 21, 1915. 650
ENGLAND BOMBARDED FROM THE AIR: PHOTOGRAPHS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

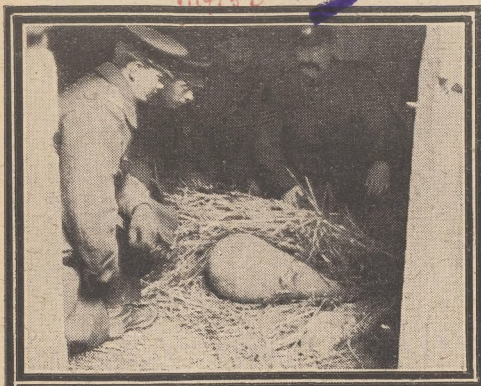
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THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1915

One Halfpenny.

THE BABY KILLERS IN THE SKY: GERMANY'S AIRCRAFT RAID ENGLAND'S EAST COAST TOWNS AND MURDER CIVILIANS.



Unexploded German shell found near Fish Wharf, Yarmouth.



An innocent victim, Mr. Samuel Smith, of Yarmouth, who was killed by one of the German bombs.



An entire row of ruined houses at Yarmouth, which were utterly shattered by a German shell from the skies.

German aircraft, perhaps jealous of what their warships did at Scarborough, dropped bombs on Tuesday night on Yarmouth, King's Lynn and other towns. A number of civilians were murdered and one little child of four severely injured. Considerable



Mr. Edward Ellis (wounded by shell) in front of his house at Yarmouth.

damage was also done to property. The King's estate at Sandringham was also raided, and it is more than probable that the German airmen thought the King and Queen were still there in residence. They had left some hours earlier.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

MAN WHO PLAYED THE CLARINET.

Court Story of Player Who Had Music Taken from Him.

ORCHESTRA EPISODE.

The story of a clarinet player in a touring operatic company who had his music taken away from him during the performance of "Don Giovanni" was told to Mr. Justice Bray and a jury yesterday.

The clarinet player, Mr. James McRedmond, unsuccessfully sued the J. W. Turner Opera Company, of Nottingham, who he alleged had wrongfully dismissed him.

Mr. David, K.C., for the plaintiff, said that Mr. McRedmond was engaged at £2 10s. per week to tour with the defendant company, the engagement beginning on September 8, 1913.

There was a tour in South Wales beginning at a place called Ferndale and ending at Pentre, which is a short name for a town known as Pentre-ystrad Rhondda.

During the tour, about October 25, it was desired to change the pitch of the instruments. The plaintiff's was high-pitched, and he was desired to play low pitch. The necessary alteration to the instruments could not be carried out, and apparently the defendants made up their minds to dispense with the plaintiff's services.

It was now alleged by the defendant, said counsel, that the plaintiff was dismissed because he got intoxicated at Pentre and used abusive language and created a disturbance, but these allegations were untrue.

After hearing the evidence, the jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict for the defendants, and judgment was entered accordingly.

TOOK HIS NOTES AWAY.

Mr. McRedmond gave evidence to support his claim.

Mr. Maddox (cross-examining): Is it not a fact that on more than one occasion complaint was made of your taking a little drop too much?—No complaint was made at all.

I put it to you that all this about the "low-pitched" instruments is put forward to excuse you for being dismissed for drunkenness?—No such thing.

If the high-pitched clarinet player indulges in freaks in the middle of an opera it would hardly be appreciated by the defendants?—I do not understand what you mean by freaks.

Suppose the clarinet player is drunk and breaks out at odd times it would sound strange, would it not?—If anybody was drunk he would be turned out.

I suggest that you were turned out. If the clarinet player is drunk it would be a little awkward for the band?—It would be awkward for anybody.

The first thing to do would be to take his music away lest he should see double notes?—I do not know what you mean.

They did take away your notes?—Yes.

This occurred after the first act of "Don Giovanni"?—Yes.

His Lordship: Did you know it had been taken away so that you should not play?—I think it was taken away so that I might make a disturbance.

Did you make one?—No.

SCENE IN A ROOM.

After evidence by plaintiff's landlady at Pentre to say that he was sober at her house, plaintiff's case concluded.

Mr. Victor Turner, manager of the defendant company, said that during the interval after the first act on the evening in question a communication was made to him by the proprietor of the Grand Theatre, Pentre, and on going below he saw the plaintiff having a heated argument with the conductor, and there were fifteen or twenty people standing round.

The conductor said to witness: "This man is drunk. I leave you to deal with him." Witness asked plaintiff what he meant by it, and he made no reply, but began to use bad language.

Witness said the matter of the high pitch and the low pitch instruments had nothing to do with the dismissal of the plaintiff.

Mr. Paul Parnum, conductor of the orchestra, said that while the first act was in progress he noticed the plaintiff's playing was faulty. Witness told him to leave off playing, and eventually he instructed the oboe player to close plaintiff's book.

TOO TIRED TO GET MARRIED.

The sequel to fourteen years of courtship was heard at Glasgow yesterday, when £200 damages were awarded to Miss Ellen Cook, a clerk, for breach of promise of marriage against John Sinclair, a carting contractor, of Glasgow.

Defendant, it was stated, instead of keeping his engagement to be married on a certain day went home to bed as the weather was bad and he felt tired.

RIGHT TO FORBID DACIA'S VOYAGE.

New York, Jan. 20.—Commenting upon the refusal of Great Britain to allow the steamer Dacia to deliver cargo in Germany, the Sun says Great Britain is within her rights in proposing to test the good faith of this transfer of a ship from German to American registry, and it were better the question be settled as soon as possible.

The whole question is whether the change of registry is a bona fide one. If it is proved so then Great Britain has no right to seize the Dacia on the high seas or to condemn her.—Central News.

BABY HEIR OR A 'CHINA-TOWN' CHILD?

Story in "Teddy's" Claim to the Slingsby Estates of Inquiry Ordered at a Family Council.

Amusing cuttings from American newspapers regarding "a strange tale of a disappointed mother's attempt to pass off another's child as her own as heir to a British earldom and vast estates" were read when the hearing of the Slingsby lawsuit was resumed yesterday in the Probate Court.

The suit is to decide whether "Teddy," a four-year-old child, is the rightful heir to the considerable Yorkshire estates of the Slingsby family at Scriven Park, Knaresborough.

Mr. Charles Henry Reynard Slingsby, the present owner of the Slingsby estates, asks for a declaration that "Teddy"—otherwise Charles Eugene Edward Slingsby—is his real son.

The opposition to the declaration comes from two brothers of Mr. Charles Slingsby, Messrs. Thomas Witham and Allan Peter Slingsby, who contend that "Teddy" is a changeling—the child of an unmarried woman named Lillian Anderson, born on September 1, 1910, at the surgery of Dr. W. W. Fraser, Grant-avenue, in the Chinatown quarter of San Francisco, and adopted by Mrs. Slingsby.

Mrs. Slingsby, who occupied a seat at the back of the court, was dressed in a black velvet costume, with a black hat. In the American newspaper cuttings she was described as "a dashing Kentucky belle," and Mr. Slingsby's father as "the earl."

The hearing was again adjourned.

"DASHING KENTUCKY BELLE."

After the reading of further evidence taken in the United States, Dr. Cummings Berkeley, of Wimpole-street, W., was called.

He said he had read the evidence of two other doctors concerning the physical condition of Mrs. Slingsby soon after the alleged birth and twenty-two months afterwards. They were just the ordinary conditions and were not consistent with a birth as alleged by the petitioner.

Allen Slingsby, a land agent, residing near Knaresborough, stated that he was the third son of the late Rev. Charles Slingsby and the younger of the two brothers cited.

Witness was living at home at Scriven Hall in 1910, and both his father and mother were then alive. He first heard of the birth of the son to his brother Charles by the arrival of a telegram.

A FAMILY COUNCIL.

There was no expectancy of this birth in the family. Witness discussed the matter with his father and uncle, and the family solicitor was instructed to institute inquiries.

His brother Charles was the only one at the time married. His father died in 1911.

Mr. Duke: Who directed the first inquiries that you know of?—My father. Mr. Thorn received his instructions from an American lawyer.

Counsel: He had for some time sent home from California reports of the local newspapers showing how this particular case was getting on there?—I saw some copies of the American papers.

Mr. Duke said he had one cutting to which he desired to call the witness's attention. It was taken from the San Francisco Chronicle, December 15, 1912, and it purported to be a statement sent by Mr. Thorn.

Counsel read the extract, which described proceedings which were being taken with regard to the estate of "Earl Slingsby" and his wife, and it described Mrs. Charles Slingsby as a "dashing Kentucky belle."

The report narrated the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Slingsby came to San Francisco in 1910 and late in August whilst Mr. Slingsby was away on business.

ness he received a wire notifying the birth of a heir.

The "Earl" communicated with Attorney Thorn, who began an investigation of the facts. According to Thorn, the child born of Mrs. Slingsby died at birth, whilst the father was away, and in grief and disappointment she was thrown upon the expediency of adopting another baby.

Accordingly an advertisement was inserted in a San Francisco newspaper, and she received a reply from a girl named Anderson, Mrs. Slingsby eagerly accepted the child, and assured the rightful mother that it would never lack a good home.

Mr. Duke: Have you any reason to doubt that Mr. Thorn furnished that information to the San Francisco newspaper?—I don't know, I am sure. I do not know what Mr. Thorn did.

Did he send a stream of reports which appeared in the San Francisco newspapers at the time?—Yes. There were several of the same kind. I did not read them all.

Mr. Waugh (re-examining): When were you first aware that the child was alleged to have been born at San Francisco?—There was a telegram, followed by a letter.

I suggest that from time to time cuttings were sent over from Mr. Thorn?—They were not treated as being of any value. They were put in the waste-paper basket.

Mr. Waugh: They are all curiosity as to what they do in America.

Mr. Duke: What Mr. Thorn does?

Mr. Waugh: No; what the reporters do in America. How they make mountains out of mole hills.

Mr. Waugh then addressed the Court on behalf of the parties cited and commented on what he called discrepancies in Mrs. Slingsby's evidence.

IRON ORE FOR GERMANY.

Shipowner Found Guilty on Charge of Trading with the Enemy.

The jury in Mr. Justice Rowlatt's court at the Old Bailey yesterday found John Frederick Drughorn, fifty, shipowner, guilty on an indictment charging him with trading with the enemy. Defendant was fined 1s. and ordered to pay the costs.

The case for the prosecution was that defendant, who was governing director of Fred Drughorn, Limited, a company having its offices at Gracechurch-street, E.C., with a branch at Rotterdam, in September last entered into a new commercial agreement with a Swedish company which, at the time the war broke out, was one of the company's best customers.

This contract, it was alleged, was for the benefit of the enemy, inasmuch as defendant agreed with the Swedish company that, through the Rotterdam branch, he should engage lighters to carry iron ore into Germany to a firm known as the Rhine Steel Works.

The prosecution alleged that to get over the difficulties of the war and enable him to carry out his obligations with the Swedish firm defendant received a company called the Drughorn Transport Company.

Mr. O. W. Williams, an accountant, appointed by the Board of Trade to inquire into the matter, said he believed it was correct that the firm had contracts to carry over a million tons of iron ore into Germany at the time the war broke out.

Mr. Muir, in reply to Mr. Pollock, who raised the question whether iron ore was a contraband of war at the times material to the case, said he would admit that at the times concerned metallic ore was not a contraband of war.

BREAKFAST ROOM AS SWEET FACTORY.

Woman Turns a Hobby Into a Flourishing Business.

NEW TRADE FOR THE HOME

A new occupation has been discovered for women with limited means—sweetmaking.

It is essentially a pleasant and profitable trade for women who wish to earn sufficient money for their support without leaving their homes.

Undoubtedly there is a great public for the maker of home-made sweets who has original ideas.

The pioneer home sweetmaker is Mrs. Barnes, of Bexley, who has turned a hobby into a fine art, as well as a profitable trade.

"One great advantage of this work is that it can be carried out in a kitchen or breakfast-room in one's own house," Mrs. Barnes told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

A SUCCESS AT BAZAARS.

"I only started to make chocolates and sweets as a hobby at first," she said, "but they became such a success at bazaars and amongst my friends that I have built up a trade even with the large West End establishments under the name of 'Lorna.'"

"I have so many orders that my little room is not now sufficiently large for me to carry them out."

Mrs. Barnes and her helpers, three in number, work in a breakfast-room, spotlessly clean and airy and with ordinary tables and a gas ring and copper pans.

No French box of bon-bons ever looked more tempting than these home-made chocolates, candied fruits and toffees.

"Originally in the boxing of sweets is a great deal," said Mrs. Barnes.

A PLEASANT TRADE.

"I am in need of women assistants. I advertised for some, the other day, and had thirty-one replies, all from men, twenty-nine of whom were foreigners, whom I would not employ."

"It is a pleasant trade for gentlemen in reduced circumstances."

"One reason why I cannot obtain assistants is that many object to living in the country."

"The assistants would have to be pupils at first for three months and pay a fee. Afterwards they would be paid according to ability."

'ON CENSOR'S BLACK LIST.'

Belgian Accused of Divulging Secret While Employed at War Office.

A remarkable story was told at Marylebone Police Court yesterday, when a Belgian professor of languages and a cripple named Emile Jules Dupuis, giving an address at Digre de Creesmes, Mons, Belgium, was charged under the Official Secrets Act.

The charge against him was that, "having in his possession certain information that had been obtained by him, owing to his position as a person who had been employed by a person who holds office under his Majesty the King, he did unlawfully communicate the said information to one, Ruby May Davis, a schoolmistress, of Endelesgh-gardens, Regent's Park."

Mr. Bodkin said that, although prisoner had given the name Emile Jules Dupuis, his name was probably A. L. Quequin. He had obtained an appointment to the War Office, through the War Office, through which letters from neutral countries passed, by representing that he was in straitened circumstances and that his relative had been killed at Mons.

From time to time instructions were given in regard to certain persons, and Miss Ruby May Davis, of Endelesgh-gardens, was placed on the list.

She was an English lady, but should have received a letter from a friend in Germany through a mutual friend in Holland. Prisoner wrote to her as follows:—

Dear Madam,—Will you call at my place or else write me where or when I can see you privately on behalf of a friend of yours. In any case write me before coming, prevent absence.

Miss Davis replied to this letter after having spoken to Mr. Masson, a private inquiry agent. When prisoner called on Mr. Masson was hidden behind some folding doors, and heard all that the prisoner said.

Prisoner told Miss Davis he was employed at the Censor's office, and

Your name is on the black list at the Censor's office; also another lady, a Countess; and not only is your correspondence, but your home, is carefully watched, and am telling you the truth. . . . I have come to help you, and also, out of revenge against the War Office, who have treated me abominably.

Mr. Masson, being a special constable, came out and requested prisoner to go to the police station.

The hearing was adjourned.

HEARD ELEVEN MILES AWAY.

The police at Sutton Bridge, South Lincolnshire, state that shortly before eleven o'clock on Tuesday night several reports of exploding bombs were heard from the direction of King's Lynn, eleven miles away.

Nothing was seen of any aircraft. Many residents and soldiers also distinctly heard the reports.—Central News.



Debris of what was an inhabited house in Bentineck-street, King's Lynn. The soldier is picking up a pillow.

HOW GERMANY'S "SCARE-SHIPS" FAILED TO SCARE IN COAST RAID

Berlin's Official Claim That Bombarded Places Were Fortified.

TWO WOMEN AND A BOY AMONG KILLED.

Germany Overjoyed by News of "Gallant" Air Huns' Murder Raid.

MYSTERY OF MOTOR-CAR'S NIGHT DASH.

Having dropped bombs on undefended coast towns and villages, Germany has made the lying excuse that everyone expected.

Seaside resorts that have no military value whatever and little villages where a few houses cluster round the parish church are officially described by the German baby-butchers and women-slayers as "fortified places."

What the world, outside Germany, thinks of the latest murder raid is indicated by a New York paper, which asks: Is it the madness of despair or just plain insanity?

The German air-men dropped bombs on: Yarmouth, Grimston, Sheringham, Snettisham, King's Lynn, Heacham, Beeston, Brancaster, Dersingham.

In this latest example of German "frightfulness" four lives were lost and material damage to the amount of several thousand pounds was done.

A shoemaker and a woman are lying dead at Yarmouth.

In King's Lynn the widow of a man who died for his country in France was killed, and in the same street a youth of fourteen lost his life.

At least six persons were injured.

Sharp divergence of opinion prevailed in the bombarded towns as to the constitution of the raiding squadron, some persons thinking they saw Zeppelins, while others were certain that the attack was made by aeroplanes.

But the German official report solves the problem. The raiders were airships, and if the much-vaunted Zeppelins are not capable of anything more than this, then England will continue to sleep peacefully.

GERMANY'S USUAL LIE TO EXCUSE MURDER RAID.

Official Report of Bombs Dropped Successfully on "Fortified Places."

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 20.—An official telegram from Berlin says: "On the night of Jan. 19 naval airships undertook an attack on some fortified places on the English East Coast."

"The weather was foggy and rainy. Several bombs were successfully dropped. The airships were shot at, but returned unhurt.—(Signed) Deputy Chief of the Admiralty Staff Von Behnke."—Reuter.

Most of the bombarded places, of course, are not "fortified" in any way, and the visit of the German "scare-ships" has left all Britain wondering at the futility of such a raid.

But Berlin is happy, and the successful murder of a few innocent non-combatants by the much-vaunted Zeppelin has caused frantic joy in Germany.

CHILD'S CALL TO MOTHER: "I HEAR AN AIRSHIP."

Stories of Narrow Escapes at Yarmouth—Searchlight That Shone Down from Sky.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

GREAT YARMOUTH, Jan. 20.—Yarmouth-to-day was just the same calm, brave spirit as was to be found at Scarborough and West Hartlepool after the bombardment there on December 16 last.

There is no excitement in the town—the inhabitants are merely talkative and interested. The German air raid has utterly failed to terrorise them.

The two victims of the raid, Mr. Samuel Smith, shoemaker, and Mrs. Taylor, aged seventy, were both instantly killed not far from each other near St. Peter's Plain. The inquest will be held to-morrow.

Almost exactly opposite the spot where Mr. Smith was struck down is a house occupied by

Mr. and Mrs. Pestell, whose two girls had a wonderful escape. "We were sitting in the living-room," Mrs. Pestell said, "when my daughter said to me: 'Mother, I hear an airship.' 'Surely you don't,' I said; but she insisted, and I went to the door and heard something like a motor-car coming along."

Then suddenly something came down with a whizz right by the side of me. I looked up and saw over the church an airship shaped like a cigar, and I rushed upstairs. "I heard one of the children cry: 'Oh, mummy, come!' and I thought the place was on fire, as smoke was coming out of the room."

"We got the children out, and I found the windows were broken and that plaster from the roof had fallen right on the children's heads, but fortunately in not sufficient quantity to hurt them."

"One unexploded bomb discovered to-day near the Fish Wharf is pear-shaped and is so heavy that two men can hardly lift it. The weight of this missile would seem to prove that at least one Zeppelin took part in the raid."

"The man told me that he distinctly saw a searchlight in the sky. 'The searchlight was

BERLIN'S WAR WHOO.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 20.—I have just received a private telegram from Berlin which describes the people's joy at the success of the Zeppelin attack as being wildly enthusiastic. "I have an intuitive feeling that the joy could not have been greater even if Dr. Barnardo's Homes had been destroyed."—Exchange Special.

pointing downwards," he said. "I should imagine such a light could only be thrown from a Zeppelin."

The chief constable informed *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that the population behaved splendidly. There were absolutely no signs of panic, and very little excitement.

Snettisham Church, four miles from Snettisham, had its east window destroyed by bombs.

It is stated in Sheringham that there were at least two Zeppelins, and that they were accompanied by an aeroplane.

ZEPPELIN SEEN BY LIGHTSHIP.

On arriving in port at Yarmouth yesterday the captain of the tug *United Service* reported that the master of the St. Nicholas Lightship, which marks the sea channel in the roadstead, saw a Zeppelin arrive from eastward and make for Yarmouth shortly before 8.30, and again saw one leave the land and travel seaward just after midnight.

GUIDED BY MOTOR-CAR?

A remarkable report that one of the Zeppelins was shown the direction of her route by a motor-car comes from Holme.

It is said that the car was seen by several persons dashing along the main road from Wells to Lynn at a high speed.

The Zeppelin was seen over Thornham, displaying a bright flashlight for a full minute. She dropped an inflammable missile on the roadway near Dorney House, Brancaster, and the Red Cross Hospital.

The missile caused a brilliant illumination for five seconds. A searchlight from the airship was turned on the village for a few moments, and the airship was very clearly seen. She appeared to be of a slaty-blue colour.

TEN VICTIMS OF RAID.

The ten victims of the raid are:—

YARMOUTH.

KILLED.

SAMUEL SMITH, aged 50, shoemaker, York-street.

MARTHA TAYLOR, aged 70.

INJURED.

Private POULTON, 5th Essex Regiment, wound in chest.

KING'S LYNN.

KILLED.

Mrs. CAZELY, Bentinck-street (said to be the widow of a soldier killed at the front).

PERCY GOATE, aged 14, Bentinck-street (killed in bed).

INJURED.

ETHEL GOATE, Mr. and Mrs. SAYERS, cuts on face and body. Mr. and Mrs. GHEAT slightly.

FLAME-TAILED SHELLS TO DESTROY ZEPPELINS.

Sir Hiram Maxim's Plans for Fighting Germans' Giant Airships.

"The damage which Zeppelins and aeroplanes can do to us is comparatively trivial," said Sir Hiram Maxim, the famous inventor of machine guns, to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"We could build flying machines with relatively much larger engines and a smaller supply of petrol."

"Such machines, though very fast, would not be able to travel any great distance without landing for supplies—that is, we should reduce the distance they would be able to travel in order to increase their speed."

"With these machines we could overtake the slower, long-distance German machines and give battle, and if we had a swarm of them they would be able to make it very dangerous to the German craft to visit our shores."

"It ought to be very easy to destroy a Zeppelin. True, they can travel long distances, but their speed is slow, and as they are of enormous bulk, they make a target which may be hit at long range."

"The best arms to use against them in the air in a battle between flying machines and Zeppelins would be a light gun of about 1½-in. bore firing shells that would give a long tail of flame like a rocket, only of a different character, something that would set the gas on fire."

BOY DEAD IN RUINS.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

KING'S LYNN, Jan. 20.—Serious damage has been done here by the German bombs, and more than twenty-five families have had to leave their homes for many houses have been completely demolished.

The inhumanity of the air Huns in raiding undefended towns cannot be better illustrated than in the tragic deaths of a fourteen-year-old boy named Goats and a woman named Mrs. Gazely, who lived in adjoining houses in Bentinck-street.

The Goats family had finished their supper and were just about to go to bed when the bomb fell on the house. The boy's mother had a little girl of four on her lap at the time. Suddenly

"LET 'EM ALL COME."

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 20.—Reports received from Berlin state that the news of the Zeppelin raid on East Anglia has caused the wildest delight and satisfaction throughout Germany.

It is said that the raid had been planned for months past, and only the opportunity was awaited for its accomplishment.

It is also stated that "this raid is only a beginning."—Exchange Special.

the roof crashed down on top of them, burying the whole family in the debris.

By a miraculous chance Mr. and Mrs. Goats and the little girl escaped serious injury, but the boy, when exsiccated, was found to be dead. Mrs. Goats had a leg broken.

NOT CIVILISED WARFARE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—Commenting on the air raid in an editorial entitled "More Slaughter of Innocents," the *New York Herald* asks: "Is it the madness of despair or just plain every-day madness that prompted the Germans to select for attack peaceful, undefended resorts on England's East Coast?"

"What can Germany hope to gain from these wanton attacks on undefended places and the slaughter of innocents?"

"Certainly not the good opinion of the peoples of neutral nations, for these know that the rules of civilised warfare call for notice of bombardment even of places fortified and defended."—Reuter.

"A MISERABLE FAILURE."

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—The *Evening Sun* describes the raid as a ridiculous demonstration and a miserable failure. It has served no purpose beyond one of pure destructiveness.—Central News.

HEROIC RALLY AFTER SHOCK OF ASSAULT.

French Troops Recoil Under Weight of Attack and Then Retake Lost Ground.

RUSSIAN SUCCESSES.

A thrilling story of how French soldiers, driven back by the first shock of a German attack, in the Argonne, rallied and retook the lost ground, is told in yesterday's French communiqué.

Recent French gains in the district of Pont-a-Mousson have not only been maintained, but a further advance of 100 yards beyond the enemy's captured trenches has been made.

A German artillery attack on the bridge at the mouth of the Yser has failed, and, moreover, the French guns, in reply, have been able to demolish part of the enemy's defences, including a strongly-fortified position near St. Georges.

HUNS' WORKS DESTROYED

PARIS, Jan. 20.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

From the sea to the Somme, in the region of Nieuport, there was a very lively artillery duel, in the course of which, the enemy vainly attempted to destroy our bridge at the mouth of the Yser, while we succeeded in demolishing a portion of his defences and auxiliary works and the farm of the Union near St. Georges, which the enemy had strongly organised.

In the sectors of Xpres and Lestere there were artillery duels of varying intensity. A very violent bombardment took place at Blangy, near Arras, but was not followed by any infantry attack.

There is nothing to report in the sector of Soissons, any more than in those of Craonne and Rheims.

In the region of the camp of Chalons, as well as in the north of Paris, at Messiges, our artillery directed upon the enemy's earthworks a very effective fire.

In Argonne, in the Bois de la Gurie, the enemy violently attacked one of our trenches.

LOST POSITION RETAKEN.

Our troops, who for an instant recoiled under the shock, recaptured by two energetic counter-attacks in the first place, the greater portion, and subsequently the whole, of the position, and they still hold this position.

At St. Hubert the Germans blew up by mining the salient to the north-east of our trenches, but our troops rushed forward into the connecting outlets, and so prevented the access thereto by the enemy.

To the north-west of Pont-a-Mousson, in the Bois de Preire, we are still established at 100 yards beyond the German trenches taken on Monday.

The enemy's counter-attack was without success towards the end of the day.

In the sector of Thionville there has been artillery fighting, in which we have held the advantage.—Exchange.

ALL FOE'S ATTACKS FAIL.

PARIS, Jan. 20.—The following communiqué was issued this evening:—

The enemy this morning had gained a footing in one of our trenches to the north of Notre Dame de Lorette. He was expelled as the result of a counter-attack, and left in our hands more than 100 prisoners.

During the night of the 19th-20th inst., in the region of Albert, an attack to the south of Thiepval was pushed as far as our barbed wire entanglements, and was then repulsed.

Three successive attacks on La Boisselle met the same fate.

In the Argonne an attack by the enemy at La Fontaine aux Charnes was repulsed after a hand-to-hand fight.—Reuter.

STAR-ROCKET ATTACK.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 20.—The following official communiqué from the Russian Great Headquarters was issued here this afternoon:—

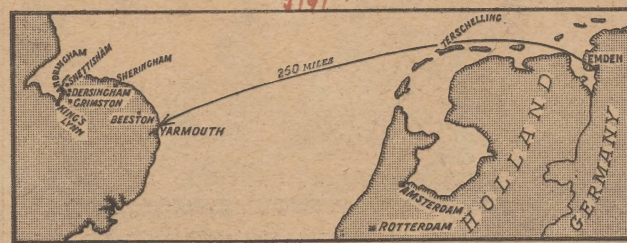
In the region to the north of Rava the Germans, on the 19th inst., made two attempts to resume a partial offensive, but they were checked by our fire and forced to fall back.

On the evening of the 19th inst. the Germans in the neighbourhood of the village of Vitkovitsa made an attack on our bridge-head, using searchlights, star-rockets, and burning straw from a distance of 300 paces, but an effective artillery fire repulsed the attempt.

In Western Galicia, on the same evening, the Germans after having violently bombarded our position to the south of the little village of Radloff, and having fired two villages behind our positions, delivered an attack.

MET WITH WITHERING FIRE.

A compact force reached our barbed wire entanglements, but being met with a withering fire the enemy could make no further progress. They suffered heavy losses and fell back on their positions. In the Bukovina, our troops are advancing with success. They occupied, after a fight, the village of Johannescht, north of Dorna Watra.—Reuter.



Map showing the distance from Emden to Yarmouth and the area on England's east coast which was visited by the German air raiders.

PRISCILLA, LADY ANNESLEY.

P. 387.12



Priscilla, Countess Annesley, whose portrait appears above, is engaged to Mr. Robert Vyner, the well-known sportsman. Lady Annesley is the mother of Lady Clare and Lady Constance Annesley. Her fiancé is a widower, immensely wealthy and fond of racing.

AIRMAN KILLED.

P. 306 A



Flight-Commander E. F. Chinnery, who has died as the result of the fall of an aeroplane flying over Paris.

PRESENT FOR A "V.C."

P. 1648.2



When Corporal F. W. Holmes, the Bermondsey V.C. hero, returned home his wife presented him with this beautiful little baby.

A SPECIAL SOLDIER

Box of

40 Bars of
Wrigley's

SPEARMINT

for

1/6



Everyone has a friend at the front, and the welfare of the "boy in the trenches" is our constant thought. What does he want? What do we send him? Nothing's too good for the brave lads who are doing the hard work. It's the little things that count, and Wrigley's SPEARMINT is a big little thing. It's never out of place—it's always acceptable—morning, noon and night Tommy chews it with unction and happiness, for it means so much to him. When the "grub" is late it serves to satisfy. When liquids are unavailable it moistens his mouth and relieves his thirst. When on guard or outpost duty—it's as good as a pal. If without his "smoke," it's an equal substitute—in fact, wherever Tommy is, or what he's doing Wrigley's SPEARMINT Chewing Gum is a source of solace and comfort.

And it's practical, too, is the Wrigley's SPEARMINT habit. Nothing better for the digestion—nothing surpasses it in cleansing the teeth and keeping the breath sweet and pure.

Wrigleys are now making up special supplies for the troops, and are offering an acceptable soldier's box. But if unable to procure at your confectioner's or chemist's, send direct to Wrigley's. They will send you no less than 40 bars of Wrigley's SPEARMINT for 1s. 6d. post free.

What is worse than a dry, parched mouth, the craving of hunger and the pangs of thirst? Spearmint relieves all this. Tommy needs his Wrigley's SPEARMINT badly, and looks to you for it. It means a lot to him, no matter what duty he's performing. Give the boys their Spearmint, and see what a thankful letter you'll receive.

Remember, 40 bars for 1/6

WRIGLEY'S, LTD.,
LAMBETH PALACE ROAD, S.E.

DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.
A BABY'S Long Cloth Set, 50 pieces, 21s.; shape, style and work perfection; supreme value; generally high quality; commendation and delight everywhere; instant approval.—Mrs. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.

Articles for Disposal.
A CUTLERY SERVICE, 50 pieces, 25s., celebrated cutlery, including a set of knives, ideal wedding outfit, everything required, perfectly new. Appro.—Mrs. Rowles, 55, Second Avenue, Manor Park, Essex.

DAVIS and Co., Pawnbrokers (Dept. 14), 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W. Great Clearance Sale of Unworn, original goods of every description at less than one-third price. Price, Watches, Jewellery, Plate, Clothing, Furs, Musical Instruments, Field Glasses, Guns, etc., etc.; list of 5,000 absolutely genuine bargains, post free; all goods sent privately per post on 7 days approval.

10/6—GENT'S 13-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, a few seconds a month; also double-curb Albert, same quality with handsome Seal attached; week's free trial; together, sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

19/6—GENT'S Fashionable 23 3/4. Tailor-made Dark Brown Tweed Suit, by Stroud, high-class (tailor), latest West End cut and finish, splendid quality; breast 34in., waist 30in., leg 31 1/2in.; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval.

27/6—GENT'S 25 5/8. Double-breasted Winter Overcoat, quality, tweed lined throughout, deep turned-down collar and strap cuffs; made for motorist by high-class tailor, never worn; great bargain, 27s. 6d.; approval willingly.

12/6—GENT'S massive double Albert; 13-ct. gold (stamped) filled, solid links, curb pattern; 12s. 6d.

10/6—LADY'S 18-ct. gold-cased Keyless Watch, highly finished, improved action (Allen and Co., London), timed to a minute a month; 10 years' warranty; also long Watch Guard, elegant design, same quality, guaranteed 15 years' wear; together, sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; week's free trial.

12/6—Expanding Watch Bracelet; exquisite design; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; bargain, 12s. 6d.; approval.

4/9—PRETTY Nocket, with Heart Pendant attached set, Parisian Pearls and Turquoise, 18 ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; bargain, 4s. 9d.; approval.

12/9—Winter Coat (fit 36in. bust); large collar and revers; perfectly new; great bargain, 12s. 9d.; approval.

4/9—GENT'S 15. Oxidized Keyless Lever Watch, highly finished, perfect timekeeper; 5 years' written warranty; absolutely impervious to magnetic action; sacrifice, 4s. 9d.

8/9—LADY'S 23 5/8. Solid gold hall-marked 5 stone Diamond Star-set Gipsy Ring; great bargain, 8s. 9d.; suitable for engagement ring; approval.

8/6—MASSIVE Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety chain, solid links; 18-ct. gold (stamped) filled, in velvet case; bargain, 8s. 6d.; approval.

10/6—LADY'S very handsome 22 1/2. 18-ct. gold-cased Keyless Watch Wristlet, fine quality, 3-plate jewelled movement; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; genuine bargain, 10s. 6d.; week's free trial.

7/6—LADY'S 35s. Solid Gold Hall-marked Diamond and Sapphire Double Half Hoop Ring, claw setting, large lustrous stones; bargain, 7s. 6d.; approval.

14/6—REAL Russian Furs, 23 3/4. set; magnificent rich dark sable brown, 8ft. long Granville Scotch shaggy collar, richly satin lined, beautifully trimmed, 12 Russian tails and heads, and handsome large Granville Muff matching; together, 14s. 6d.; approval before payment.

13/6—REAL Coney Musquash Seal, 22 1/2. set; long wide Wrap or Stole and extra large Pillow Muff; perfect skins; beautifully satin lined; exceedingly handsome; West End style, together, 13s. 6d.; approval.

22/6—ELEGANT 24 1/2. set. Black Furs, extremely handsome; very rich black fox-colour Princess stole, extra long, and large Two-trimmed Muffs, heads and tails; unworn together, 22s. 6d.; approval.

21/-—BABY'S Long Clashes, superlative quality, magnificent 24 1/2. set, 82 articles, everything required; beautifully-made garments, the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn; bargain, 21s.; approval.

DAVIS and CO. (Dept. 14), PAWNBROKERS, 284, BRIXTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS AND HOTELS.
BOURNMOUTH, Hotel Empire, overlooking beautiful gardens; 5 minutes sea; bands, links, all attractions; electric lift, light, moderate.

THE ALL-DRY CAPE.

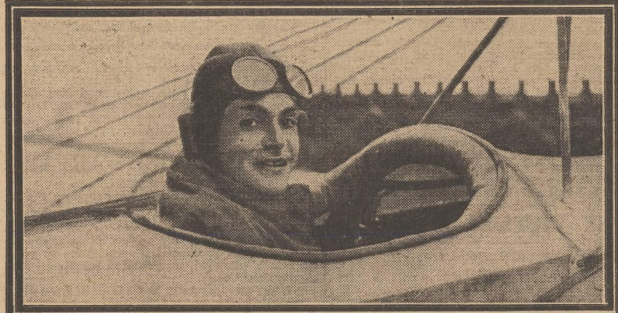
4/10 10 M



This is the new mackintosh cape now worn by the H.A.C. at the front. It is also a ground-sheet.

TERRIBLE FATE OF AN ARMY AIRMAN.

P. 1648.3



Second-Lieutenant L. M. Gardner, who was burned to death in his aeroplane at Farnborough on Tuesday through his engine exploding just as the machine reached the ground. Death, however, must have been instantaneous.

"WE CANNOT WAIT FOR THE RUSSIANS."

P. 1649 A



Here is a group of curious refugees, showing two Austrian officers, who, after riding hard from their scattered army, overtook this little peasant family and jumped into the cart with the foal.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1915.

"BRUTAL BRITONS."

WE HAVE only a vague recollection, unfortunately, of that portion of English history concerned with the "Brutal Britons," as we once heard a small boy call them, with anger at having to return to their doings. We suppose, however, that even if Alfred and the cakes and a few other such tales have been proved by the learned to be but fabrications for the use of infants, we shall still be right in assuming that the earliest residents were victims of the *wood* habit, that they dyed their bodies and faces in the hopes of terrifying the enemy, and that, thus insufficiently armed, and hardly provided at all with the latest Roman improvements, they stood menacing upon the cliffs and waited for Julius Caesar, or some other master of barbarians.

"What is the good of reading about these Brutal Britons?" We remember the little boy's question. Now perhaps he realises. If he has time to think—now that he is grown up and at the front—he will see that, even from such relatively savage periods, it is always possible to draw comparisons that help to illustrate our times. Countless wars and many revolutions have passed over the same cliffs and shores since then, but a funny little instinct for frightening people, a durable, a perhaps inextinguishable instinct, remains, lurks invisible in the body of man, as his lasting bones lurk under that flesh of his. And so to-day, after all that time passed over, we have German foes reminding us once again, in obedience to old instinct, of the *wood* habit, and of the menacing dance on the cliffs, and of the necklaces of teeth, encircling variegated striped necks, and of all the paraphernalia and display of a fierceness that veils anxiety.

For what do all the German side-exploits of the war, the occasional dashes and rushes "without military importance," mean?

They mean that the Germans believe in frightening the other side. Their doctrine, as copiously exposed before the war and liberally practised since, is to "strike terror" and spread "the fear of the German name." That is the meaning of the great Zeppelin exploit, of the Scarborough raid, of the much more tragic but equally useless war-frightfulness in Belgium. It means simply this—that the Germans have put on paint and are dancing the war-dance on the cliffs.

Is it possible to be so simple in the twentieth century?

Why, the dancing-device was a failure even with the poor Britons. A tooth-necklace was no use against a Roman dart. Wood was powerless before a breastplate. The phalanx of moving shields was more warlike than all the paint and shouting. The Britons were greatly disappointed.

They had hoped all those invaders would, at a sight of their fierce faces, take to boats again, and run away, and say: "You never told us about this. You never told us that we should be faced by nasty men with teeth about them. No. This is not good enough for us. We are going." And they would go. . . . Which they didn't do, as we know.

And now, like the Britons, the Germans are no doubt disappointed and think: "This is not playing the game. They ought to go in thousands, those people of Scarborough and Yarmouth, to the Government and Mr. Asquith and say: 'Stop the war! Stop the war! A horrid bomb dropped in our backyard last night and killed the guinea-pigs. We can't bear it! Stop it!'"

And this "pressure of public opinion" would at once cause Mr. Asquith to resign the British-Emperor into the hands of the German Emperor.

Can one be so simple at the beginning of the twentieth century? W. M.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"BIG AND LITTLE WILLIE."

I WOULD like to tell the many readers of your *Daily Mirror* what we do with your cartoons as they appear.

One of my daughters buys album books and pastes them in. They are worth preserving for our children to refer to and this is a way of gaining a complete collection.

THOSE AT HOME.

I QUITE agree with "W. M.'s" article that we should desist from overdosing the "Tomnies" with presents.

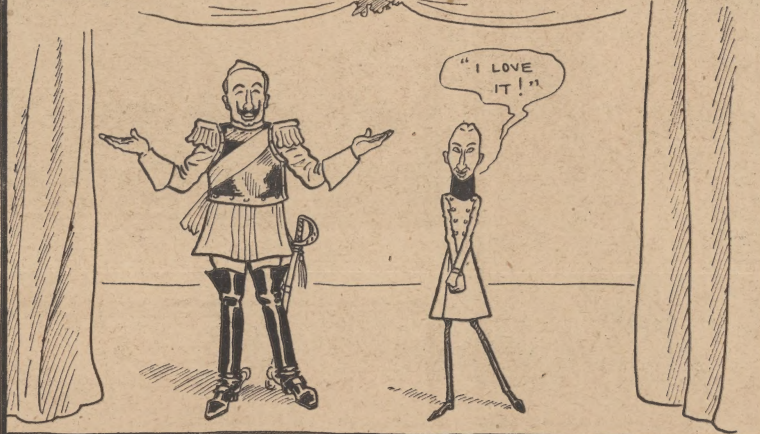
But surely the Belgian refugees are also being drowned in this amazing sea of benevolence? There is hardly a paper or society that

son, the son of a high law officer, the head of a first-class language school, himself a teacher of reputation, a University graduate of great ability, foreign correspondents of important firms in the City, and many others of the professional ranks, but more usually the students are ladies and gentlemen engaged in commercial pursuits, working for something that University traditions have failed to give.

In one instance only I know of a fear expressed that a youngster might not be suitable for such a class, as the students might possibly detect a slight Cockney accent on the vowels. The answer to this was that no student ever dreamed of criticising or interfering with another, or of even speaking, unless a desire were exhibited for such comradeship. The teacher is far too busy trying to get something

GEMS FROM BIG WILLIE'S SPEECHES—EXTRACT No. 4

"THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES A CERTAIN SPIRIT HAS PERVADED THE TEUTONIC CHARACTER—THE LOVE OF NATURE, WHICH THE CREATOR IMPLANTED IN OUR HEARTS TO BE A TRUE BIRTHRIGHT OF US GERMANS."



SIMPLE PASTORAL SCENE CONJURED UP BY IMPERIAL WILLIE'S WORDS



—Showing his gentle nature-poss, before he plunged us into a struggle devastating fair fields and quiet country all over the wide world.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

is not asking—and being answered, more than answered. People in their anxiety to do something for the war (publicly) give no attention to the "poor but (unfortunately) proud," who can't for various reasons "ask," or shout out, "I'm poor, I'm poor."

Is there no tactful way of helping the unconfessedly poor (English). I am sure if I were able, I should be one of the first to help the Belgian refugees, bereft of house and home; but I shouldn't forget that there are others also suffering through the war, though in a different manner, and because they have not been bereft of house and home through actual contact with the war, are not supposed to have any troubles.

L. A.

THE FRENCH ACCENT.

IN MY LETTER I referred to the London County Council evening classes at the commercial institutes, and in these it would be very difficult to find such language as that spoken of by Mr. Brooke.

I have been in classes during the past five years with such students as these—a banker's

practical desire to care who or what a student is if only he wants to progress: in such a case the aid given is limitless.

Some few old University-bred traditions survive, it is true.

The inspector who criticises, or thinks he is a kind of policeman, still exists, I have been told, but he is little more than an anachronistic character from Dickens. The teachers are wisely chosen and wisely allowed to pursue their own methods.

I have many friends among these teachers, and I wish I could show your correspondent the letters I constantly see or hear quoted from all parts of the world from former language students.

ALFRED BIRCH.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;

And in the morning what thou hast to do;

And growth of it; if with thy watch that too

Be down, then wind up both; since we shall be

Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

BRITAIN AT WAR.

Do the Recruits Like Their New Life Better Than the Old One?

FROM STOCK EXCHANGE TO CAMP.

YOUR correspondent was on the Stock Exchange. That explains his satisfaction at getting to camp.

After some years on the Stock Exchange I have come to the conclusion that almost any place is preferable as a change. The bad air there and the dust take the life out of any man.

I sometimes wonder how many of those who have left the City to serve their country will be glad to be back in the City when the war is over! W. W.

Near Bechill.

THE OPEN-AIR LIFE.

MY SON writes me to-day that the war has taught him that the only life for him, "with all its miseries," is an open air one. He is "never going into an office again."

This raises the problem which nobody seems to have discussed, of what on earth we are going to do with our young men after the war.

None of them will want to settle down again. I fancy the Colonies will claim a good many, and the Army as a profession will attract lots of boys who before the war thought nothing of it.

We shall see. But, anyhow, all this training of our youth must greatly affect the distribution of labour in the future.

Hampstead. F. L.

"FED UP."

IT SEEMS to me that the only complaint made by our fellows is the one that we are not allowed to be off and to get to business.

In other words, many or all of us are frankly "fed up."

We are fed up with route marches and night operations and the adjunct and one another. It is the feeling of "staleness" all people in training sometimes get. But still we have no news of going home. At Christmas we thought we had hoped something was up. It turned out to be nothing and here we still are.

ONE OF THE SEAFORTHES. In England.

TRIALS OF FAITH.

"M. L. E." says, "What would faith be without trials?" I am of the opinion, however, that trials such as war and earthquake do a great deal more to shatter faith than consolidate it.

It is hard for a man to maintain faith in a merciful and loving Providence when his wife and children have been butchered by the Germans, or for a woman whose husband has been crushed to death in the earthquake, to believe that all is for the best.

FAITH.

"MALIGNANT" NATURE

IF NATURE is "malignant" in some at least of her manifestations, she is at least no more malignant than man. Was not that the argument of your leader? It implied that we have no right to reproach Nature for her cruelty, since all of us are cruel as she. In this sense "Perdita" is justified. A. M. E.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 20.—Many subjects will now need protecting from the birds. Crocuses should have black cotton stretched above them before they come into bloom—but this is seldom necessary in the country garden. Sparrows do much damage to the shoots of carnations, so these must be protected in the same manner.

Gooseberry and currant bushes, if sprayed with a mixture of soft soap and quassia, will be rendered secure from bird attacks.

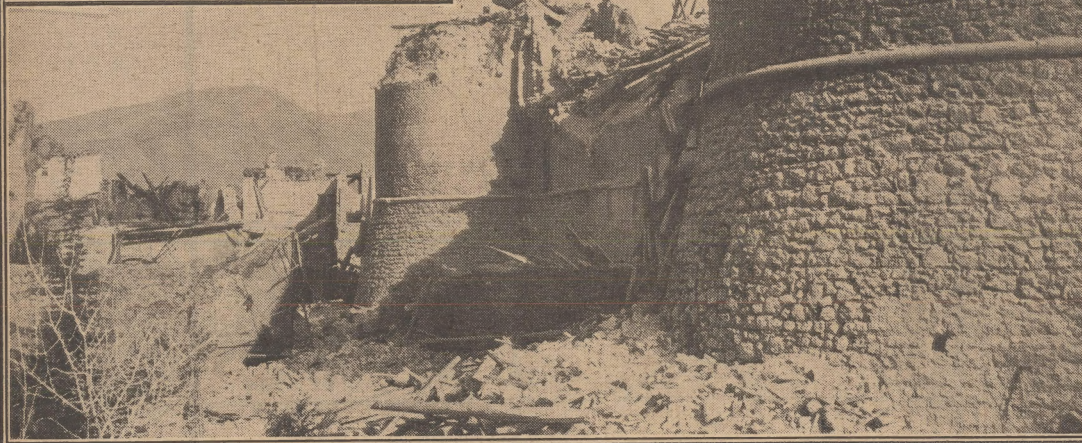
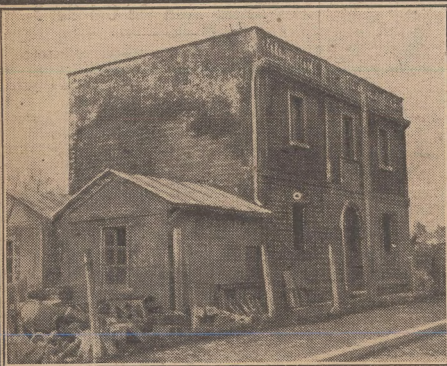
E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

There is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less.—Bacon.

PEACE HAS ITS TRAGEDIES AS WELL AS WAR: ITALY'S

WHOLE PAGE USE



Orsini Castle, Avezzano, which was built in 1400. Though it had walls 6ft. thick, it was destroyed by the earthquake, whereas the house of reinforced

concrete (seen in the smaller picture) was not damaged. It is the one complete house left here.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

Woman sitting on the ruins of stones.—(*Daily*



Working to rescue a dog entombed in the ruins at Capella.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)



One of the few families which escaped from Avezzano now living in a tent.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)



A scene in Rome itself showing the pieces of sculpture have been

The famous Torlonia Palace at Avezzano after eight seconds of earthquake. Note the furniture still resting on the top floor.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

NY'S LIFE.

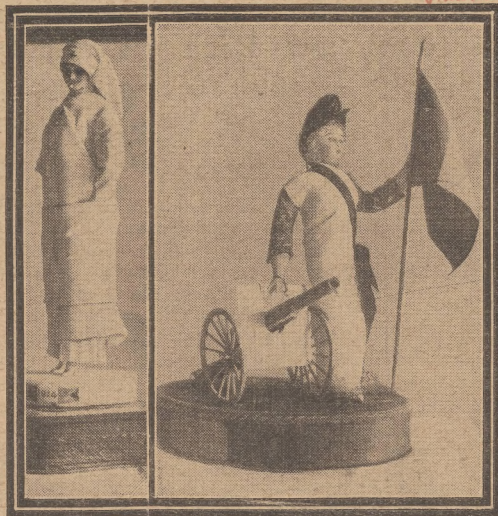


Today, illustrates the fondest dream of Uncle Sam punching John Bull. Uncle Sam is too shrewd to fight the

TOO SWEET TO EAT.



A beautiful Red Cross nurse made of sugar



A very clever and elaborate little figure of France

French people are the greatest chocolate eaters in the world, so it is not therefore surprising to find they pack chocolates in elaborate boxes. Not only this, but they surmount the boxes with charming little sugar figures and even cannon. The boxes illustrated are by Marquise de Sévigné, Nice.

EXPENSIVE FASHION.



A beautiful model cloak of ermine trimmed with sable. In spite of the war, women's clothes appear to man as expensive and as extravagant as ever. But this particular cloak is not really so expensive as it looks, while it is delightfully warm.—(Cloak, Revillon. Photo, Austin.)

WELL AS WAR.



is of earthquake. Note the furniture



A child's doll was discovered by a party of soldiers amongst the ruins at Capella.—(D.M.P.)



Amongst the ruins at Capella, where many bodies are hidden amongst the ruins of this beautiful old Italian town.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Famous Beautifiers Free

First Free Distribution in 1915 of the World-Famous
Icilma Toilet Preparations and Book on Beauty.

WHO was the most admired woman in your circle this Christmas or New Year? Was it YOU?

If so, you know—far better than mere words can tell—what it means to a woman to be possessed of *beauty that attracts*—the soft smooth skin—the bright clear complexion—the glossy healthy hair. Go where she will—mix with whom she may—her presence is welcomed and her society sought. *Beauty is her passport.*

But whether you are numbered among the "beautiful" or the "plain"—this GREAT FREE OFFER of Icilma Preparations concerns YOU. No toilet articles in the world can preserve or improve your appearance better than these, no matter what they cost, and—

TO-DAY you can test them without charge beyond the actual cost of postage and packing. If you have never tried them, fill up the coupon below and send it with two penny stamps to Icilma Company, Ltd.—a box con-

taining the five articles shown above will then be sent to you immediately.

The "Icilma" way is the *easy* way to beauty. *Just one minute*—two or three times daily—spent in rubbing into the skin and complexion a little of the fragrant and non-greasy Icilma Cream will make them exquisitely soft and smooth—and *keep* them so. The Icilma Natural Water which it (and it alone) contains stimulates natural beauty.

Just five minutes spent in dusting a little Icilma Hair Powder over the head and vigorously brushing it out again will cleanse the hair from dust and grease and leave it bright and attractive. This without any trouble, without wetting the hair, without risk of catching cold.

And *washing* the hair with Icilma Shampoo Sachets is even simpler than with ordinary shampoos. The hair dries quicker and can be dressed immediately. While for the nails, Icilma Nail Powder gives a most lovely polish which washing does not destroy.

TEST
THEM
FREE

See Coupon below.

Icilma

Toilet Preparations

TEST
THEM
FREE

See Coupon below.

Icilma Cream, 1/- and 1/9 per pot. Icilma Shampoo Sachets, 2d. packet, 7 packets 1/- . Icilma Hair Powder, 2d. packet, 7 packets 1/-, large box 1/6. Icilma Nail Powder, Special advertising price, 6d. Of Chemists and Stores everywhere. Icilma is pronounced Eye-Ilima.

Icilma Toilet Preparations are entirely *different* from all other preparations—and have *different and better* effects—for their stimulating action brings out *beauty from within*.

They are British-made and enjoy, by far, the largest sale of any British Toilet Preparations in the world—because they really do all that is claimed for them.

They are marvellously economical, too. A 1/- pot of Icilma Cream will last for *several weeks*. A 2d. packet of Icilma Hair Powder will make *many* dry shampoos. A 2d. Icilma Shampoo Sachet is sufficient for *one full head of hair* or for *two or three girls*. A Box of Icilma Nail Powder is enough for *several months*.

Use them daily and look your best.

Fill up and Post the Coupon Now.

ICILMA COMPANY, LTD., Dept. B., 37, 39, 41, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.

FREE COUPON.

To ICILMA COMPANY, LTD.,
Dept. B., 37, 39, 41, King's Road,
St. Pancras, London, N.W.

Please send me your Free Outfit.

Name.....
(Mrs., Miss, etc.)
Address.....

I enclose ad. stamps to pay postage and packing.
"Daily Mirror," Jan. 21, 1915.

DO NOT MISS THIS FINE PIECE OF DRAMATIC FICTION.

JUST LIKE OTHER MEN

The Cross Currents of a Girl's Love.

By ALEXANDER CRAWFORD



"She is a woman, therefore, may be won."

New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JEAN DELAVAL, a charming, clear-headed, sincere girl of twenty-four, whose only relative is her father, Robert Delaval.

LIONEL CRAVEN, a straightforward young Englishman of twenty-eight. He is used even to subterfuge and detest anything underhand, but he is a bit inclined to be hot-headed.

ASHLEY CRESWICK, his half-brother. He is a moneylender, and is as unkind to Lionel as possible. His wife has a big influence over him.

FAY CRESWICK, Ashley's wife. A shrewd, hard scheming woman, with a deceptive charm of femininity.

DEREK TRENCH, Lionel Craven's friend and partner. He is a much more shrewd and capable person than his good-humoured appearance would suggest.

LIONEL CRAVEN is stretching his long limbs in a deck chair on a liner which is coming over from South Africa. He is day-dreaming about a girl on board who interests him very much.

He does not know anything about her—not even her name. She is very reserved and does not mix with the other passengers. He can see her now from where he is sitting, a charming figure dressed simply in brown holland with breeze-blown hair, beautiful profile, and a grace which holds his gaze fascinated. Day after day he has become more enthralled with her beauty and personality.

Lionel Craven's day-dreams are interrupted by Derek Trench, who brings excellent news.

"I've found out all about her," he says excitedly. "Her name is Jean Delaval, and she is one of the Delavals of Delaval. You know the sort of thing—poor and proud. She is a governess to the Henstons, and has refused an offer of marriage from young Henston, who is heir to millions. She is coming back to her father, who is very ill."

Lionel Craven is very silent. "You seem very interested," remarks his friend. "I am," replies Craven quietly.

"It's like this, Derek," he goes on slowly. "I've fallen in love with that girl—wholeheartedly in love. I've often heard of love at first sight—well, it's happened to me, that's very ill. I don't marry Miss Delaval, I shall marry no one."

Derek Trench is a little staggered, but realising that Lionel is in grim earnest, he contrives to introduce them.

At first Jean Delaval cannot make Lionel Craven out. It seems to her that he is making friends too quickly—that he holds her friendship too cheaply. When Lionel Craven, thoroughly miserable, asks what he has done, she tells him perfectly frankly what she thinks.

Lionel Craven is equally straightforward, and eventually he makes Jean Delaval understand his sincerity. They have much in common, and he tells the girl how he is going to England to borrow £5,000 from his brother as capital for a cotton-growing scheme.

One night, when they are near Madeira, Lionel asks Jean Delaval to marry him. "I love you," he says. "It's impossible," she cries tremulously. "You hardly know me." Lionel pleads passionately, and the girl, who knows that in him she has met the one man amongst all men for her, finally consents.

They are found to say good-bye to each other at Southampton for a time, but Jean promises to write to his club address in London.

Lionel goes straight to his half-brother, Ashley Creswick, in Kensington. Lionel tries to borrow the £5,000, but meets with a rebuff. In the middle of the argument, Fay Ashley Creswick's wife, comes in. Laughingly, she apologises for interrupting, but says that she must take her husband away for a minute or two. Lionel is left in the library.

When husband and wife are together she asks him what it is that Lionel wants. Ashley Creswick tells her, "You must be mad," his wife says. "Why should you lend him £5,000?"

Ashley Creswick then confesses that he has robbed Lionel of his inheritance. He thinks it better to get Lionel out of the country again.

"Who knows about the will?" asks Fay Creswick. "The old Scottish laird named Delaval, I am foreclosing him," he says bedridden, but he has a daughter named Jean in South Africa," replies her husband. "Then why worry?" his wife argues.

"Lionel cannot possibly have met him."

As they are taking a maid brings a card in. "A Miss Delaval to see Mr. Creswick," she says, and adds, "She is in the library."

The situation is a critical one, but by clever manoeuvring Fay gets Lionel into another room. She learns from him that a shock that he is engaged to a Miss Jean Delaval.

In a heated interview with Ashley Creswick Jean promises to pay off her father's debts in a month.

"KESTON?"

HALF AN HOUR after Lionel Craven had left Ashley and Fay he was mounting the steps of his club.

This was the third visit he had made that day, and on no occasion had he penetrated farther than the letter-box in the lobby; but now his heart throbbed suddenly at the sight of an envelope addressed to him in a firm, bold hand.

The writing was unknown to him, but instinct divined that it came from the one woman in the world. With fingers that trembled a little he tore it open and read it.

(Translation, dramatic, and all other rights secured.)

"Dear Mr. Craven," it said, "perhaps by this time you will agree with me that we have both been very foolish and impulsive. Speaking for myself, I ought to have considered the possibility of circumstances arising which would make it quite impossible for me to carry out the promise I made. I sincerely hope you will forgive me as quickly as you may my acquaintance. Believe me, I am not worth troubling about.—Yours most sincerely, Jean Delaval."

There was no address on the letter, but the postmark and faint indistinct, seemed to show it had been posted at a place called Keston that same morning.

He felt strangely alone as he stood in front of the letter-rack, aimlessly twirling between his fingers the envelope he had just torn open. A whirl of dull, despairing thoughts chased round and round his brain like leaves before a November gale.

Nevertheless, that was the paramount impression—solitude—and it was all the more strange because if ever a man ought to have known the meaning of the word that man was himself.

For month after month he had trekked on the open veldt and far to the north over the rolling plateau to the Nyanza Lakes, where white men were entered in your diary if you chanced to meet them; where there was no sound but the guttural cries of the Kaffir boys, the groaning and creaking of the wheels, and the dull, stumbling tread of the oxen.

Yet, here in London, he first felt the inner meaning of the word. His brother Ashley had rebuffed him; his sister-in-law was a stranger whom he had met for the first time barely a week ago; Derek Trench had gone to Devon, where his home was. The very faces of the men who passed and repassed him in the lobby of his old club were strange.

Then the Jew Delaval's letter threw a horrible searchlight over his desolation, not only staggering him and numbing him with the destruction of all his dreams, but showing him in a flash how little else there was left for him in life.

The very training he had had among the native races—that stern necessity of never showing one's weaknesses or emotions—pulled him together, and he thrust the letter in his pocket without a word.

Yet his face was so set and his eyes shone with such a sinister light that the commissionaire at the door forbore to say "Good-night!" as he passed down the steps and into the street.

A cold street began to fall, but except that he pulled the muffler higher round his throat Lionel took no need of it, and set out with long strides to walk the two miles to his brother's house in Kensington.

The cold air seemed refreshing to his heated brow, and the exercise of walking gave him time to think.

It gave him time, certainly, but how was he to think? What was he to think? Was he to reconstruct the tones of his articles of faith in her, when the tones of her voice and the deep earnestness of her eyes came back to him? He did not know what to think. He could only grope numbly in the dark for some clue to the strangeness of her conduct.

When he reached the house he had come to no conclusion, except the desperate one that he would discover her at any cost. The fact that his plans for making his way in the world had all been knocked on the head by his brother's refusal to give him any assistance had sunk into his mind.

Perhaps his intuition told him that, with Jean at his side, the world could not bar his progress.

The butler who opened the door told him the dressing-bell had been rung some time before, and that his clothes were ready in his room.

"Bring me up a time-table," he said, "an A.B.C. for preference."

He found a cosy fire burning in his grate, and he asked the man about it when he came up with the railway guide. "Mrs. Creswick told me to have it lit," the servant explained. She said you would feel the cold, sir, after coming from Africa."

Although the chill at his heart was not to be warmed by lighted coals, the kindly thought touched him.

He opened the book and turned the pages, without apparently finding what he sought. "Where is Keston?" he asked.

"Keston, sir? Keston? Why, down in Kent somewhere, I believe."

"Find out for me, will you, and let me know after dinner."

AN URGENT CABLE.

WHAT little Jean Delaval had ever known of London she had well-nigh forgotten, and after leaving Ashley Creswick's house she wandered aimlessly through the foggy streets.

Catching sight of the words "Charing Cross" on an omnibus she remembered she had less than an hour to catch her train.

When she alighted at Trafalgar-square she hesitated in the doorway of the post office with the painted expression on her face of one who is about to make an irrevocable decision; then she walked quickly to the counter.

"What is the cable rate to South Africa—Durban?" she asked.

"Half a crown a word," was the reply.

"Do I use the ordinary form?"

"The foreign form. You will find some over there."

Jean walked to the partitioned counter to which the man pointed. It did not seem to be a long message she wanted to cable, but she stood there for fully five minutes before she had finished.

Then, counting the words she had written, she looked into her purse. There was nothing in it but some small loose silver.

"Not enough," she said quietly to herself, with something like a sigh of relief.

There was still half an hour before her train went, and the garish lights of a cheap café farther up the road reminded her that she had eaten nothing since the morning.

In the train her mind revolved again and again over the interview with Ashley Creswick. Was she relieved or disappointed? What else could she have hoped for?

"Your appeal is for pity, then?" The words of the money-lender came back to her vividly, leaving a tinge of shame on her cheek. She remembered the biting sarcasm in the tone even more than the question itself.

Why? Perhaps it was the knowledge that an appeal for pity had been her mission, and the offer to find money the last desperate resource.

And yet had she not written Lionel that very morning? That showed, at least, she had made up her mind before leaving her father's lodgings.

As she sat there thinking other words of Creswick's returned, and gradually the whole interview pieced itself together in her recollection.

What threats? Of her father's threats? She saw some significance in her father's words. Hitherto she had put them down to the ravings of a distracted mind.

How could she ask him and insist on an answer, except at the risk of exciting a man who had at all costs to be kept quiet?

It was raining steadily when at last she stood on the platform at Folkestone, but she walked the dripping streets to her apartments.

Mr. Delaval was dozing when she entered the room, and she moved about quietly so that she should not awake him. The landlady told her he had been most fifty all the time she was away, and had called for her at least a hundred times. She heard his thin, querulous voice now, even while she was speaking.

"Jean!"

"Yes, dad?"

"You'll miss that train," he said, irritably. She did not tell him she had caught it hours before and had returned. It would have meant too much explanation, and the doctor had urged on her the necessity of telling him any story to keep him quiet.

"There's plenty of time," she said, soothingly. "Please don't worry."

She adjusted the pillows behind the sick man's head and gasped that fatherly at the dark expanse of sea which rashed on the shingle beneath them, moved the curtain slightly to shut out the night.

The old man lay propped up in bed, with his thin, nervous hands plucking irritably at the coverlet. His raut face, with its aquiline nose and high cheekbones, together with a skin like yellow parchment, spoke eloquently of a man more dead than alive.

"And don't forget Jean," he went on, "when you see that rascal Creswick, to tell him that he ruins me at his peril."

"Yes, dad; I'll remember."

"He's a scoundrel, Jean—a scoundrel of the first water! I could tell you things..."

"There, there," she said, going over to him. "Please leave it to me. I shall manage it all right. You know what the doctor said..."

"What does the doctor know about it?"

The fire in the old man's eyes gave him an expression of vitality almost shocking in its contrast to the terrible emaciation of his face, but it lit his features up only for a second, and then died away into the dull apathy habitual to them.

His daughter looked at him as he sank back on his pillows and slipped quietly from the room; but she had hardly gone before his thin, complaining voice called her again.

"I was talking to you," he said.

"I thought you had finished, dad," she replied. "Besides, there are one or two things I must do."

"You must listen to me," he said. "What's the good of going to see the man until you have my instructions how to act?"

Jean sat down beside the bed and folded her hands with a gesture of resignation.

"And for goodness' sake," her father snapped, "don't act as if you were a martyr. If you don't want to go, say so, and I'll go myself."

(Continued on page 11.)

HAIR STOPS FALLING, DANDRUFF DISAPPEARS—1/1½ DANDERINE

Save your hair! Make it soft, fluffy, lustrous and beautiful.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair, and your scalp will not itch; but what will please you most will be after a few weeks use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of

your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine, and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance, an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

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Obtainable of all good Chemists.

GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLES sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps.

Write to D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd., No. 3C Dept., Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

"Zep." or Plane?

"Zeps." or Planes? That was the question we were all disputing yesterday. And so they were in Great Yarmouth, so a friend who was there yesterday tells me. Yarmouth, he says, is intensely interested in the raid—but scared? Not at all. Yarmouth is rather proud of the front place she is taking in the war, and incidentally of the fine showing the Norfolk Regiment is making at home and abroad. The regiment numbers ten battalions already.

They All Saw It—but Which?

But even Yarmouth is undecided on the "Zep." or Plane? question. My friend puts the opinion at about evens. Of the people he talked to just as many were as sure they had seen the great bulk of an airship as were prepared to swear that the shadow in the sky was only that of an aeroplane. But the authorities, I suppose, will settle that point for us, perhaps before this page reaches you.

We Seldom Thought of Yarmouth.

In those far away days before the war when we all had theories on the subject of invasion and military lore, we none of us thought much about Great Yarmouth. We knew it as a fishing port and a summer playground for Londoners, but few of us ever credited it with any significance in the future war on which we all theorised so much. In those days we said the raids would come on the Essex coast or else in the far north. As time has shown Great Yarmouth is getting a very full share of the hostilities in home territory.

Ter-schelling and the Lutine.

Yesterday's messages linked the two names Yarmouth and Ter-schelling, the Friesland island off the Dutch coast, two names that are very closely connected in my mind, for the only time I ever went to Ter-schelling was to investigate the fate of a ship that sailed from Yarmouth; I mean the historic Lutine, the old frigate wrecked in 1799, on the inhospitable Dutch island coast, a few hours after she sailed from Yarmouth.

Useful for a War Chest.

To this day the Lutine's bones rest in the shifting sands off Ter-schelling. And they coffin something like £1,200,000 in gold bars. What a very useful addition those hundred odd year old bars would make to a depleted war chest at the present time! The gold was intended originally for warfare. It was consigned to Hamburg bankers to pay the troops then fighting against Napoleon in parts of what is now the German Empire.

Links with the War.

Ter-schelling itself is a curious island, a great waste of sand dunes, some of them a couple of hundred feet high and more. You go to it by a little steamboat that plies once a day across the Zuyder Zee from the Dutch port of Harlingen, which is on a branch line from Leeuwarden, where some of our interned troops were housed for a while. So you see the whole place is linked up, in my mind, with the events of the war.

Fine Seamen.

The men of the island and its neighbour, Vlieland, about a mile and a half away, are famous seamen. Brave and hardy, the records of their deeds in the Ter-schelling lifeboat are as grand as any in the annals of heroism. Mostly they go into the service of the Dutch packet boats that ply from Flushing, and they are welcomed in the Dutch Navy. But they told me over there that nearly every man on the Flushing boats came from the Friesland islands, mostly from Ter-schelling, which, by the way, you pronounce Ter-schelling.

Photographs from the Front.

My Art Editor, the insatiable person who never can see too many photographs, asks me to repeat my "tip" to soldier men at the front who have cameras with them. He says he will be glad to see any photographs that may be taken out there, and will have rolls of films sent from the front developed and forwarded to any address, and will pay liberally for any photographs so obtained which the censor will let him use.

Don't Waste Them.

He gets into a fearful state of excitement when he thinks of the glorious pictures that must be going to waste, blushing unseen, as it were, in the pages of amateurs' photograph albums when they ought to be earning money for those who took them by appearing in the pages of *The Daily Mirror*.

Sir William Osler Not Yet Too Old.

Sir William Osler, I see, is preparing to disprove the theory which will ever be connected with his name, although he has long since denied responsibility for it—"too old at forty." He has offered his services to the McGill University Base Hospital, which is to go out to the front. Sir William is in his sixty-sixth year, and there is nothing "too old" about him yet.



Sir William Osler.

"Oslergrams."

Early last year I remember he told a gathering of Yale University students some of his rules of life. "They are the freshest, the oldest, the simplest and the most useful," he said.

"Forget the past, forget the future and you have a vaccine that will insure you against all morbid thoughts. When the load of tomorrow is added to the load of yesterday many men fall on the way. Live earnestly, make the limit of your life the twenty-four hours of the day."

A Reputation as a Sage.

"The first two hours of the day determine the day," he continued. "Quit tobacco and liquor; bright eyes are the thing and bright eyes never come from free indulgence in wine." Sir William is a Canadian, and he has quite a reputation for wise sayings, but he can tell a good story, too.

The Need of Accuracy.

One that I have heard him tell he attributed to a brother practitioner. To a patient he once said: "You should drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning." A week later the patient called again. "How do you feel now?" asked the doctor. "Worse—much worse," was the reply. "But did you follow my advice and drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning?" said the physician. "I did my best, sir," the patient answered, "but I couldn't keep it up for more than ten minutes at a stretch!" Which shows, the eminent physician pointed out, the vital necessity of giving accurate instructions.

This War of Contradictions.

Truly this is a war of contradictions. In the old days one used to look anxiously to the man on the spot to learn the real truth of what had happened; now the man on the spot looks to London to tell him the news of the war. For example, I have a woman friend nursing in Dunkirk. Yesterday I received a letter from her telling me her experiences during the recent air raid. "And I waited most anxiously to see in the London papers the details of what had happened!" she adds.

Shell-Dodging Makes You Laugh.

My friend talks of the cheery occupation of shell-dodging. "There is quite an art in dodging shells," she says, "and, strange as it may seem, shell-dodging creates the same inane desire to laugh in an onlooker as watching a hat-chaser on a windy day. I think it is the utter ridiculousness of seeing portly citizens dashing wildly here and there that makes one forget the horror and danger of it all."

Waiting for a Chance.

It is curious to me, too, to read how indifferent the ordinary person gets to danger. My friend's letter concludes with a postscript: "More bombs. I was awakened at daybreak and shrieked at to come down to the cellar. But it was cold, so I snuggled down in bed and took my chance. One sportsman has got a little machine gun fixed on to a ginger beer box on the sands, and sits smoking his pipe on another box with his head craned skyward waiting for a chance." And all this is going on almost within sight of Dover. It was hard to realise, until the Yarmouth affair.

Short-Tempered Hindenburg.

Marshal von Hindenburg seems to have had his head turned by the popular adulation rendered him by his compatriots. He does not like criticism. An Italian military writer having dared to express the opinion that the marshal might have done better on one occasion, the ruffled general forwarded a miniature field-marshal's baton to his critic, accompanied by the following letter: "My dear comrade,—You are only a young captain, but you would evidently have done much better than an old general like myself. I send you, therefore, my commander's baton. Take on the command yourself, if you please. —Hindenburg."

"Willies" as Nursery "Stars."

Children—even little ones who cannot read—love Mr. Haselden's "Willie" cartoons. A correspondent writes to say that when *The Daily Mirror* arrives each morning his little boy, aged four, jumps with delight, seizes the paper from whoever has it, and searches eagerly to see what new "game" the "Willies" have been playing. For in his idea it is all a game—the "Willies" are just "Willies," who take their place with Jack Horner and Tom, the Piper's son, and all the other "stars" of the nursery.

Childhood's Chivalry.

"For a long time," adds my correspondent, "my little boy felt very puzzled because the 'Willies' were always getting the worst of things. But, with the warm-hearted impulse of a child, he soon found a way of righting this. Now, when the 'Willies' have a fall, he insists on being assured that they didn't really hurt themselves. A happy sequel has to be invented for him, and then he chuckles over the cartoon with unrestrained delight."

Entertaining the Wounded.

This afternoon at Drury Lane Mrs. Almeric Paget is entertaining 150 wounded soldiers from the front to a vision of "The Sleeping Beauty Beautified." After the pantomime they are going to take tea in the lounge at the back of the dress circle, when many of the Lane beauties will serve the tea.

Another Revival.

And yet another revival I see advertised. "Are You a Mason?" that amusing farce that made us all roar thirteen or fourteen years ago, is to be brought to life again at the Comedy next week, and Miss Marie Illington will reappear in her original part of Caroline Bloodgood.



Miss Marie Illington.

"The Brute!" Miss Marie Illington—do not confuse her with the American actress, Miss Margaret Illington, who used to be Mrs. Den Frohman—has been acting for thirty years, and is very fond of making jokes about her age, which she does not look. One little jest she often tells is of a hotel keeper in a provincial town who was asked to display bills of a play she was appearing in. "Marie Illington," he said, gazing at the bill. "Humph! She ought to know her business; she's been at it forty years or more." "The brute!" is Miss Illington's comment.

Le Cloître.

The Belgian play "Le Cloître," which was given at the Kingsway Theatre on Tuesday afternoon and will be repeated at five other afternoon performances, is one of the most beautiful essays in poetic drama that our stage has seen for many a day. Written by M. Emile Verhaeren, the national poet of Flanders, this remarkable play of monastic life depicts the eternal conflict between divine and human justice—a conflict now raging in the soul of Belgium.

Great Acting.

As always, the Belgian players are excellent. M. Carlo Liten plays Balhazar with great power, eloquence and feeling. The whole effect of the company's acting is superb. If there is a public for the highest drama in London "Le Cloître" will enjoy a season of more than five afternoons.

Our Grand Football Total.

We turned the flank of yesterday's football applicants nicely, thanks to the grand response to my call for reinforcements. Eighty-nine new balls arrived, making the fine total of 1,252. And there are more to come, I hear. But we shall need every ball we can get. "Tommy's" attack continues unabated, and I have over fifty applications before me now that are not yet satisfied.

Everyone is Helping.

Yesterday's reinforcements came from all sources. Lady Downsbine generously sent me a dozen fine balls. The employees of the Civil Service Supply Association sent me another dozen, and other kind readers helped with the rest. Everyone is helping, and we need everybody's help. And now we propose to make a little change of plan. Let's make it 1,300 by the end of the week instead of 1,200 which we hoped for and have got. Shall we?

THE RAMBLER.

So
Tasty!

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Gives such a new and delicious flavour to the food.

Just a few drops—that's all—and you will be delighted with the delicious flavour of Oriental fruits and spices blended by a secret process.

There is no sediment—you need not shake the bottle—the last drop is as delicious as the first.

Large Bottles 6d.

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Unredeemed Pledge Sale.
Special Supplementary List of this Month's
Unredeemed Pledges Now Ready.
SENT POST FREE, 5,000 SENATIONAL BARGAINS.

Don't Delay, Write
IT WILL SAVE
YOU POUNDS.
Bargains in Watches,
Jewellery, Plate,
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Clothing, &c.
Illustrated Fur
List Now Ready.
ALL GOODS SENT
ON SEVEN DAYS'
APPROVAL.

12/9 Baby's Long Clothes, superfine quality, magn.
estate £235; parcel, 40 articles; everything required;
exquisite embroidered American Robes, &c.; the perfection of
a mother's personal works never worn; 1231; approval.
16/9 long wide Wrap or Stole, and extra large Fallow
Muff; perfect skins, beautifully satin lined, exceedingly hand-
some; leather, sacrifice, 18/9; approval before payment.
14/6 Real Russian Furs, 22 1/2 ft; very elegant rich
black and brown; extra large; long; rich Russian Stole,
richly satin lined, beautifully trimmed tails and heads; large
Muff matching; sacrifice, 18/9; approval before payment.
21/- Most elegant Black Fox Shaped Princess Stole,
24 1/2 ft; set; extra; 1 latest Parisian style, and large
Animal Muff; together, 21/11; approval before payment.
67/6 Lady's 24 1/2 ft. long, exceptionally fine quality, latest
Paris model, dem. roll collar; 23/7 1/2; approval willingly.
10/6 Gent's 18-ft. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch,
filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 4/9; approval before payment.
10/6 Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty; perfect
timekeeper; also Double Curb Albert, same quality & handsome
Compass attached; indistinctly inscribed from new; week's free
trial; complete set, in velvet case, 1 latest Parisian style, and large
4/9 Lady's Necklet, Heart Pendant attached; set
Parisian pearls and turquoise, 18-ft. Gold (stamped)
filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 4/9; approval before payment.
12/6 Gent's fashionable Double Curb Albert, 18-ft. Gold
(stamped) filled, heavy, solid link; sacrifice, 4/9; approval
12/6 Lady's 22 1/2 ft. choice 18-ft. Gold-cased Keyless
expanding Watch Bracelet; sacrifice, 4/9; approval
perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 12/6.
Lady's 24 1/2 ft. Solid Gold English hall-sued
21/- Keyless Watch Br. bracelet; in any wrist; 10 years
warranty; week's free trial; sacrifice, 4/11; approval.
19/9 Superfine quality Blankets; magnificent 23 1/2 ft.
patent, containing 10 exceptionally choice and large
10/6 Gent's 18-ft. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch,
filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 4/9; approval before payment.
49/6 Gent's 18-ft. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch,
filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 4/9; approval before payment.
12/6 Colour Fast long Granville Stole, trim, tails
and heads, and large Muff to match; sacrifice, 12/6; original
price, 22/11; approval willingly before payment.
3/9 Lady's 24 1/2 ft. Solid Gold English hall-sued
massed lovely Russian pearls and turquoise; 3 1/2 ft. long
Broomstick, 23 1/2 ft. long; sacrifice, 4/9; approval
12/6 Glacé, 8 lens magnification power by Lumière
name of dip distinctly and five pairs from steel in holder
made using case; week's free trial; sacrifice, 18/6.
8/6 Massive Gilt Chain Padlock Bracelet, in velvet
case; great sacrifice, 8/9; approval willingly before payment.
10/6 Lady's 22 1/2 ft. Gold-cased Keyless Watch
Watch; high-grade movement; suit either lady or
gent; jewelled movement; 10 years' warranty; trial to
minute a month; Don't miss! free trial; sacrifice, 13/6.

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Mr. Edwards actually offers entirely at his own expense a magnificent scientific home hair-growing outfit to every reader.

From the very moment you post the coupon below and receive your great free gift your hair troubles will be over. No more thinning, falling, splitting or unsightly hairs. No more scurf or scalp irritation. No more dull, greasy, too-dry or lack-lustre hair.

Instead you can grow your hair in three-fold beauty and abundance, so that it will always look splendid, attractive and healthy and will give a double charm and youthful distinction to your face and expression.

This is the free gift you will receive:—

1. A bottle of "Harlene," a true liquid food for the hair, which, penetrating to the roots, builds up the very substance of the hair.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which dissolves every particle of scurf and dandruff.
3. The secret "Hair-Drill" Booklet, giving complete instructions for carrying out this world-famous hair-growing exercise.



POST THE COUPON TO-DAY.

You need not wait a moment longer before commencing the splendid hair-restoring treatment that is offered to you to-day by the world's leading Hair Specialist.

Fill in, cut out and send the coupon below together with 3d. in stamps for postage of your free gift to Edwards, "Harlene" Co., 20-28, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C., and the full trial outfit will be sent at once.

Further supplies can always be obtained in the ordinary way from chemists. "Harlene" at 1s. 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. per box of 7 Shampoos (2d. per single packet), or direct, post free, from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 20-28, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

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To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 20-28, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs—Please send your free "Harlene" Hair Growing Outfit. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

"Daily Mirror," 21-15.

TELEGRAPH OFFICE BLOWN OUT.

9.11.13 B



This is a telegraph office at Yarmouth as it looked yesterday after the German air raid.

Just Like Other Men

(Continued from page 9.)

"What is it you want to say, dad?" said the girl quietly. "You know I am always ready to listen to you."

"I want to tell you what a villain the man is."

"We know that, don't we?" she answered wearily. She had heard it so many times. "Yes, but you don't know to what extent. He's a man not content with ruining people who are foolish enough to borrow from him, but he's a thief who robs his own relatives—robs his own brother!"

"Yes, dad, but that is nothing to do with us."

"Nothing to do with us? I have proof, I tell you. I can expose him. I can ruin him. I can bring him to the workhouse. And I will. Tell him that, Jean, and watch his face when you tell him."

"Please, dad!" The girl seized the hand that was gesticulating so wildly and firmly pressed it on the coverlet. The cool, strong touch of her grasp seemed to bring tranquility to the old man's fevered excitement, and he sank back again on the pillows with closed eyes.

She smoothed out the telegraph form she had brought from London and read it again. It was addressed to "Piet Hepsten, Durbach. I do what you ask, will you lend me £5,000 in a month's time?" it read.

She glanced compassionately at the sleeping man and read the message once more.

"It must go," she said softly to herself. "I will save him."

There will be another interesting instalment to-morrow.

FOR WOMEN WHO HATE ROUGE.

A TOILET HINT.

Ladies who suffer from pale, sallow, bad complexion, yet who quite naturally object to the "loud," coarse and "made-up" appearance almost invariably associated with the use of rouge—which also, by the way, is often distinctly harmful to the complexion—will be interested to learn that they can easily regain the velvety, child-like freshness of their complexions by using a simple, inexpensive lotion composed of 2oz. of rosewater, 1 dram tincture of benzoin and 2oz. of flowers of oxazin. Shake well before applying with a soft cloth or sponge. When dry brush lightly with a soft cloth or a piece of chamois leather. If you will do this whenever you go out you will always have a soft, natural refined colour of which your friends cannot be suspicious, and of which you need not be ashamed. This lotion is also exceptionally beneficial in relieving and preventing chapped faces and hands, as well as redness due to exposure to winter weather.

IMPORTANT.—It is interesting to note that, owing to the numerous demands for this formula, Boots Cash Chemists and other leading chemists have arranged to supply it at a moderate price under the name of Flozoin Lotion, put up in an attractive bottle, complete with sponge and chamois leather.—(Adv.)

THERE IS NO ADVANCE IN PRICE

CALL FOR IT

BRANSON'S SPADE COFFEE

STILL

5 1/2 d. & 10 1/2 d.

NEWS ITEMS.

Earn 104 Years Ago.

Mrs. Moore, of Plymouth, was 104 years old yesterday.

Men Needed for Signal Service.

The Daily Mirror is asked to state that men are urgently wanted for the Signal Service, Royal Engineers.

Owner of Killarney Dead.

Lord Ardilaun, the owner of Killarney, died last night at St. Anne's, Clontarf, Co. Dublin, aged seventy-four.

War Badges for Workers.

With a view to retaining their labour, Clyde shipyard hands are being supplied with "On War Service" badges.

Colonel Seely Back from the Front.

Colonel Seely, whose name has been mentioned in connection with the vacancy in the Office of Chief Government Whip, returned to London last night from the front.

Queen Alexandra's Gift.

Some twenty of the poorest districts of London have shared in the gift of £1,000 which, it was stated yesterday, Queen Alexandra made at Christmas to the very poor and distressed persons of the middle classes.

County Cricketer To Be M.P.

The Hon. F. S. Jackson, the well-known Yorkshire cricketer, who is now serving in the Army, has been chosen as Unionist candidate for Howdenshire (East Riding), and the Liberals have decided to allow him an unopposed return.

WINTER RHEUMATISM.

The long spell of cold, wet weather is now having evil effect on a number of people, and the tortures of rheumatism are disabling many. Victims of this winter malady have every reason to fear the first dull aches in the limbs and joints, followed by sharp pains through the flesh and muscles; these symptoms will shortly develop into rheumatism at its worst.

Rheumatism is a blood disorder; it arises from poisoned blood, loaded with acids and impurities, setting up inflammation in the muscles and joints. Pure, good blood dispels these dregs from the system; that is why, in cases of rheumatism, it is important to strengthen the blood supply by taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; so rheumatism's pains and stiffness fade away, and you acquire freedom and a feeling of health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People make new blood, purify the existing blood, and cleanse the system of all dregs which give rise to rheumatism. Medicine has no direct action on rheumatism, but these Pills renew and purify the blood. Begin a course to-day; obtain them from any dealer (but be on your guard against substitutes), or send to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1, for one box, or 10s. 9d. for six.

FREE.—Sufferers should know more about the blood and its work; send a postcard to Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, for the Free Health Guide.—(Adv.)

SECRET OF HEIGHT

Every cross mark on the diagram of the human spine indicates a place where the vertebrae are twenty-five times thicker, and my system increases the thickness of each, thus improving your health by giving your nerve working room. Send from two to five inches to your height. No surgery or appliances are used. Send your stamp for further particulars and my £100 Guarantee.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the Increase of Height (Dept. A), 17, Strand Green Rd., London, N.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS.—Harry Gratton's Witte Revue, "ODDS AND EVENS," 4 p.m., 7 p.m., 9 p.m., 10 p.m. (Mats., Today, and Thurs. and Sat. 2.30). **THE FLAG LIQUORIST.** DAILY, 1.30 and 7.30. **THE LITTLE TICH.** RUTH VINCENT, HEPPY KILPATRICK, and Co. 8.30. **THE LITTLE TICH.** RUTH VINCENT, HEPPY KILPATRICK, and Co. 8.30. **THE LITTLE TICH.** RUTH VINCENT, HEPPY KILPATRICK, and Co. 8.30.

DUKE OF YORKS. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. **CHARLES FROELICH** presents **PETER PAN** by Mr. Barrie. 11th Year. MATINEES EVERY DAY, at 2 and 8. **THE LITTLE TICH.** RUTH VINCENT, HEPPY KILPATRICK, and Co. 8.30. **THE LITTLE TICH.** RUTH VINCENT, HEPPY KILPATRICK, and Co. 8.30. **THE LITTLE TICH.** RUTH VINCENT, HEPPY KILPATRICK, and Co. 8.30.

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Air-Huns Raid English Towns, but Fail to Destroy a Church!

HOW Italy's Towns Were
Destroyed in 8 Seconds
by Earthquake : Pictures

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER DAILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD

BIG and Little Willie as Two
Lovers of Nature : Cartoon
by Mr. W. K. Haselden.

THE BABY KILLERS IN THE SKY: HOW THE HUNS SHELLED KING'S LYNN.



Houses in King's Lynn where Mrs. Gazely and the boy Goate were killed. Mrs. Goate had a child on her lap when a bomb crashed through the roof, but both escaped.



Driven from home by the Germans, British subjects remove their goods from the shattered houses in Bentinck-street, King's Lynn, which were wrecked by German bombs.



The demolished house of Mr. Walden in Albert-street, King's Lynn. In the foreground is a huge hole scooped by the bomb.

The German air raiders did considerable damage to King's Lynn, which they reached about half-past ten on Tuesday night. Yesterday, as a result, some of the



Mrs. Sayers, of King's Lynn, whose face was terribly injured in the German raid.



An unexploded bomb which crashed through a house in Cresswell-road, King's Lynn.

streets of King's Lynn were strewn with broken glass. An old woman and a boy were killed outright, so Germany is wild with delight.